

Impure Blood

Manifests itself in hives, pimples, boils and other eruptions which disfigure the face and cause pain and annoyance. By purifying the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures these troubles and clears the skin. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired, drowsy feeling so general at this season and gives strength and vigor.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills

cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

BIG VESSELS FOR THE LAKES.

They Will, Ere Long, Do the Great Bulk of the Carrying Trade.

Plans already formed settle the question whether lake steamships 400 feet long or upward, with a capacity of carrying 6,000 tons of freight at a load, will be common after the opening of the channels twenty feet deep through all the shallows between Duluth and Chicago, and the ports of Lake Erie. There is no longer a doubt that such monster vessels will rapidly multiply within the next few years, and they are certain to do a great part of the carrying trade of the lakes, perhaps most of it, before the end of the century. The steamships already contracted for and those which are certain to be built before next spring will undoubtedly so far surpass all vessels now in use in ability to make money at low rates for freight that other vessel owners will be forced to follow the pioneers in this latest step forward in the construction of splendid lake carriers. Even an over-supply of tonnage such as is very likely to be the result, will not prevent the work of replacing small craft with steamers of the largest size from going on steadily. In one sense it will hasten the change, says Cleveland Leader. Only the biggest vessels can make money in such seasons of general over-competition for cargoes, and in order to continue the business the owners of old boats must let them go and put in commission steamships equal to any on the great lakes.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

The devil and whisky are always on good terms. Prayer is not prayer until it becomes communion with God. The Christian may lose his gold, but he can never lose his God. The devil hurls us most when he smiles us through those we love. When God puts a good man in the dark, it is to give somebody light. God can say things in the fiery furnace he couldn't speak in heaven. Job sinned not with his tongue because there was no sin in his heart. When the mountains are into the sea, God's hand is under them.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Look after the Back: A Fall, a Strain, a Constant Sitting or Stooping Position Brings Backache—Do You Know This Means the Kidneys are Affected?

How few people realize when their back begins to ache that it is a warning provided by nature to tell you that the kidneys are not working properly. You have a severe fall, you strain yourself lifting or perhaps you are compelled to maintain a sitting or stooping position for long intervals at a time, your back begins to ache, then your head, you become listless, tired and weary, but do you understand the real cause? We think not, else you would not use plasters and liniment on the back, which only relieve but do not reach the cause. If you would rid yourself of the pain and cure the root of the trouble, at the same time save many years of suffering and perhaps life itself, you will take a kidney remedy that has been tried and proven that it will cure.

Mr. John Robinson of 661 Russell Street, Detroit, says: "As a result of exposure during the war I have suffered ever since with rheumatism and kidney trouble. Pains would start in my hip and go around to my back. Highly colored urine denoted kidney disorder. The pain in my back was often so bad I had to give up work until the severity of the attack passed away. I have used many liniments and other things, but received very little relief. Some time ago I started using Doan's Kidney Pills and they have worked a wonderful change in me. My back is all right now and I owe it all to the almost magical influence of Doan's Kidney Pills."

Mr. Robinson was a member of the Fifty-first Illinois Regiment, which served through the war with honor and distinction. Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

LEWIS' 98% LYE

THE strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being in fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. With make the best permanent Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleaning waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paint, etc.

PENNA. SALT MFG CO.

Gen. Agents, Phila., Pa.

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary, Tertiary, Syphilitic, Gonorrheal, Etc.

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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

The letter was from her father. It said not a word about his own recent illness, and was otherwise so characteristic that it will be given entire.

"MY DEAREST DAUGHTER: I am thankful you and Adolf went to the Springs, beyond the atmosphere of this cholera-stricken city. The doctors say it is declining. I am in my usual health, and my only anxiety is for you—and Adolf. Of course, business is dull, and I have abundant time to write this letter—the first I have ever had occasion to write you. I have had you with me always.

"Before you return, I wish you quietly to find out all you can about the people at the Springs, without showing that you are anxious to know.

"First—what is the full name of the proprietor and of all his family?

"How long have they all lived at the Springs, and do they own the property?

"How valuable is the property? Is the hotel well patronized, and by what kind of people?

"Is the proprietor and his family members of good society?

"Last—and most important—What noted incident, or accident, or bereavement has fallen upon any of the family in the last twelve or thirteen years? And if any find out all about it—names, dates, effect upon others—in short everything.

"By complying fully with my wish you will oblige your old father very much, and possibly benefit yourself."

[A pen had been drawn through the last four words to obliterate them, but Vivette made them out.]

Take your time, and do not return till I write for you.

"Remember me to Adolf, and believe me, as ever, your loving father."

"P. S.—Write when you can in the meantime."

Here was food for thought. What could her father want with the history he sought? She could not imagine; but she resolved to obey his instructions to the letter, and trust to her father's prudence and to time. She already had a general knowledge of the Blake family history, and for greater accuracy she put it into written memorandum form, and determined to add to it day by day as she acquired further particulars; and she jotted down from day to day every item obtained from Mrs. Blake, from her maid, Liza—always ready to communicate—and from any other authentic sources.

In the early afternoon Adolf came in and proposed a drive. He was looking pale, and his little black eyes shone from their retirement in the depths of their sockets like diamonds behind glass.

"The doctor says I need air and sunshine; and a drive over the hills with you, my saviour, will renew my life—you will go?"

"Certainly, Cousin Adolf, with pleasure."

They were soon out over the hills, with only himself to drive. Vivette protested, but he declared himself strong enough; and, in fact, he wanted to be alone with Vivette.

As they drove gaily from the door through the evergreens and down past the stables, one colored hostler said to another:

"Looks like he'd bin sick, Shady; but he kin handle 'em. Isn't the lady just too purty?"

At the laundry old Winny was at the door. Putting up her hand to shade her old eyes, she said to herself: "Ch! Uh! [Nasal exclamation.] 'Too purty for dem spectacles!'"

On the next day after Adolf Moller had heard his fate with certainty, he began to think of bringing his stay at the Springs to an end; and, going into Dr. Goforth's office, was received with unexpected courtesy. On asking for his bill, Dr. Goforth urged him to be seated, saying that it would be unsafe for Moller to attempt a journey without a few more days' rest. Moller was in a humor to accept the doctor's invitation, and soon found that, under a rough exterior, Dr. Goforth was really a warm-hearted gentleman.

"You thought me pretty crusty," he said to Moller; "but you had the universal panic, and it was necessary to get rid of that first of all."

"But doctor," replied Adolf with a smile, "do you talk to all your patients that way?"

"Oh, no, I treat each according to his temperament. I saw you were a gentleman and sensitive to insult; and I knew you would die if I did not drive off your panic. No man is big enough to hold two conflicting passions at once, so I roused your indignation, and let your sense of insult drive out panic—you understand?"

"Certainly, doctor, I do now."

"You are of the New Orleans Mollers, I think?" said the doctor, interrogatively.

"Yes; do you know them?"

"I know of them. They stand 'A No. 1.' But how unfortunate they should generally be small. Now that doesn't hurt a woman, but it is bad for a man."

"What is that, doctor? I have not thought of it."

"Because a little man never gets credit for half he really is, and a large man gets credit for much more than he is, in most instances. And, phrenology or no phrenology, there's something in the influence of magnitude, and people feel it without knowing why."

"I guess that's so, doctor," said Moller.

"Of course it's so. You yourself never get half the credit you are entitled to as a man of education and strong native ability. And strange enough, women are more controlled

Everywhere it appeared to be assumed that—cousins or no cousins—Moller, at least, was up to his eyes in love.

A mile from the hotel Adolf passed Sulphur creek, and stopped the carriage to admire a diminutive cascade which poured out of a cedar-crowned limestone cliff, and dashed itself to spray on the rocks below. At the base of the cliff, under a little spurting stream, some ingenious boy had fixed a mimic water mill which lifted and dropped by turns, a small hammer on the bottom of an old tin pan. Thump, thump, thump, all day and all night long, the busy hammer struck the tin tambour with rhythmic blows.

"So beat my heart when the cholera fell upon me," said Adolf.

"Not quite so loud, cousin," replied Vivette.

"I am afraid, my dear Vivette, you left all poetic sentiment behind you when you came to the Springs? Now my heart is beating again; will you not minister to it as willingly and successfully as before?"

"Why, cousin Adolf! You are not pale now, but blushing red! What can I do for you?" said Vivette, with a questionable smile.

"I can bear this suspense no longer," passionately declared Adolf. "Say you will be mine, Vivette, and end it now."

"I can not say it."

"You mean you will not?"

"I feel, cousin Adolf, that an honest candor is best for both of us; and, while it troubles me to tell you so—you can never be my husband, Adolf—never."

His countenance fell in sheer despair. He felt that these words would never be recalled. And, assuming a self-control which he had not, he said in reply:

"That is straightforward at least; and I ought to thank you. But you should have left me to die of cholera. But I too am a Moller, and henceforth my lips are sealed. We will be cousins if we never can be more."

Then, cracking his whip, he drove off down the valley, over the stony road by the bridge, and round the tobacco fields back to the hotel. Not a word was spoken by either on the way.

"Uh, uh!" said old Winny, as they passed the laundry, "he's done got shocked, he is!"

The hostlers looked at each other as Moller drove rapidly by, and, through the evergreens, up to the hotel door; and one said:

"De gal's shucked him, sho!"

Gentlemen on the veranda looked insignificantly at each other, meaning much, but saying nothing. Moller's tell-tale face betrayed him almost as plainly as words.

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"Of course it's so. You yourself never get half the credit you are entitled to as a man of education and strong native ability. And strange enough, women are more controlled

by this matter of size as an indication of superiority than men. Curious, isn't it?"

"By Jove, that's so, doctor; I know it."

He thought of the stalwart arms which pitched him out of the window and afterward pulled him out of the river.

Dr. Goforth saw instantly that he had touched a tender spot, and sought to change the drift of conversation.

"You were prejudiced against cholera?" he asked.

"I was, doctor. I am not now."

"I should think not! It brought you right up, soon as a little stick."

Then the doctor dilated upon "the great remedy" for awhile, and both gentlemen drifted into general conversation, until Adolf left for supper, surprised and pleased with the doctor who had cured him by substituting anger for fear.

After supper, Adolf was sitting in his room alone with his thoughts and his cigar, when Mr. Sam Blake, the acting host of the hotel, made him a call. After congratulations on Moller's recovery and general conversation, Blake said to Adolf:

"There is a gentleman of your name at Cincinnati, I think?"

"Yes; my father's brother."

"Lives—or did live many years ago—on Market street?"

"Yes; Lower Market. He lives there still."

"Have you seen much of him?"

"Not until recently. I have spent some months at his house before coming here."

"Ever hear him speak of an idiot boy named Joe?"

"Joe Gust?"

"He lived with a man named Gust."

"I rather think I have heard of him. He is no idiot now, by a good deal. Got struck by lightning, and so came to himself again."

"You don't tell me so! Lightning?"

"Electricity—all the same. Was at the big show, the 'Infernal Regions,' touched the bars and got shocked so badly he regained his senses."

"And his memory?" inquired Blake, with much and manifest earnestness.

"Not wholly, as I am informed. Could not remember his name, except 'Little Joe,' and couldn't tell the names of his kindred, nor where they lived."

"What became of him?"

"Gust, the gentleman who took care of the boy, adopted him as his son, educated him, and he is now a lawyer and a fine-looking man. Strange, isn't it?"

"Have you heard from your uncle—has he escaped cholera?"

"Yes; he says in a letter that he is in usual health. Do you know anything of the boy—now a man?"

"Nothing at all," replied Blake. "I once heard of him while in Cincinnati."

"He thinks himself a Kentuckian, and is rather proud of it."

"How does he come to think that—do you know?"

"My uncle thinks it is guess work. But he is a man of spirit, and does no discredit to the claim."

Blake feigned indifference and soon left.

On the next afternoon, old Tom Blake fell down paralyzed. From the hips down, all sensation was gone; and Dr. Goforth found other very grave symptoms, and advised the old man to make final arrangement of his affairs for the last journey.

"Doctor," said Blake, deliberately and firmly; "my will has been made for years, and I see no reason for altering it."

"Where is it, father?" inquired Sam, who had just come in.

"It is in safe hands, Sam; you and Myra are left in joint possession of everything until—"

"Until what, father?"

"Never mind. I shall make no change."

"Let him rest, Sam," said the doctor.

"The less he is worried the more prospect that he may revive and temporarily recover."

Sam Blake went out moodily, and the old man asked for Myra. When Mrs. Blake came in she was crying. The old man took her hand kindly in his own, and said:

"You have been a true woman, Myra; and poor Jeff knew better than I. Where's the paper I gave you to keep?"

She drew an envelope from her bosom and gave it to him with the seal unbroken.

"Open it," said the dying man; "quick! I am going fast."

She broke the seal and by his instruction read:

"Memorandum from Joe's model: 'Little Joe: June 20, 1813.' [Signed] 'Joseph Gust.'"

The old man could barely say:

"Go to Cincinnati; yourself; find Joe—"

when the paralysis stopped his speech, and an hour later, his life.

Old Tom Blake was buried with due ceremony and little sorrow, except upon the part of Mrs. Blake, and some of the slaves, to whom he had been, on the whole, not an unkind master.

The will was found in the keeping of a friend of the old man—Judge Walpole; was duly proven and no contest made.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Uncle Josh Defeated.

Lawyer—Well, my young friend, your Uncle Josh determined that you should be a farmer, or get nothing from him. He did not leave you a cent of money, but he willed you his plow, cultivator, mowing machine, thrasher, portable sawmill, stonemason, road-scraper and stump puller.

Young Scribbler—All right, I'll sell them.

Lawyer—He has provided against that. You cannot sell, or even rent them. You must use them yourself.

Young Scribbler—Very well, I will.

Lawyer—On the old farm?

Young Scribbler—"No; I'll write a play and use them on the stage."

HIS VIEW OF THE THING.

The Little Girl Escaped, but He Was Battered Into a State of Reckless Ruin.

Through Washington Park rounded one of the curves just as a little girl about 4 years old started to run across the road in front of him, says Chicago Tribune. He set his teeth, turned his bicycle sharply to the left, and flew out of the saddle in one direction, while the machine went tumbling in another, the little girl escaping by a hair's breadth.

"You careless brute!" exclaimed a sharp-voiced matron, who came running up. "You monkey on two wheels! What do you mean by racing about the park in this dare-devil kind of a way? Haven't you got any consideration for other folks? Don't you know you're always liable to run over somebody. Do you want to scare people to death? Some people haven't got the sense they were born with. If I had my way about it, I'd stop this business mighty quick. You might have killed my child."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the young man, who had gathered himself up and was making an inventory of his damages.

"But I didn't. She got off without a scratch, while I've got a skinned elbow, a bruised knee, a sprained ankle, and a lame shoulder. There's a piece of skin as big as a half-dollar gone from the palm of my hand, my hair is full of dirt, I've ruined a suit of clothes, and it will cost me \$15 to have the machine mended. If I'm not kicking ma'am, I don't think you ought to kick."

He picked up his broken bicycle, put it over his shoulder, and limped slowly away in the direction of the nearest repair shop.

SCORE ONE FOR MRS. BLOOMER.

Her Troubles Were Responsible for the 'Patience' Song in 'Patience.'

A prominent woman suffrage advocate said the other day to a New York Press representative: "Do you know that W. S. Gilbert, who wrote 'The Mikado,' 'Pinafore,' 'Patience,' and those other comic operas, got his idea for a song in 'Patience' from a woman's suffrage advocate who was active in New York forty years ago?"

"The song is 'When I first put this uniform on.' You know it is sung by the heavy dragons, with a 'Yes, Yes, Yes,' chorus, and is one of the prettiest things in a pretty opera. Well, when the bloomer fashion was first brought into notice, in the fifties, Mrs. Bloomer wore the garb, and some one wrote a song that was supposed to be in her words. 'When I first put this uniform on.' It referred to bloomers, of course, in that case."

"When Gilbert wrote the libretto he saw there was a good opportunity in this song. So he wrote new words and Sullivan wrote the music, retaining the old refrain."

"This is the truth, but I do not think it is generally known."

Indians Dancing for Rain.

The Sae and Fox Indians have adopted a new method to get rain. They appointed one day last week for all their tribes to meet at Perry, Ok., to dance for rain, and at the same time they invited several neighboring tribes to join the festivity for the much-needed showers. Large numbers of Indians met and commenced dancing till Sunday's flood came, and this so buoyed them up that they still dance that rain may still come. Before they commenced their festivals, they moved their wigwams from the bottoms to the high lands, saying that the rains would flood the low lands.

No Aquariums Served.

"This hasn't a sign of clam in it," said the guest who had ordered clam chowder. "It's a swindle, that's what it is."

"Excuse me, sir," responded the waiter, who is too good for that business, "but we only undertake to serve a chowder, not an aquarium."

JOVIAL THOUGHTS.

Friend—Do much fishing nowadays? Honest Lad—Lots of it. Friend—Catch many? Honest Lad—Um—I don't fish for fish. I just fish for fun—see?

Riggs—There was one thing I could buy as cheap at Surville-by-the-Sea as I could at home. Biggs—What in the world was it? Riggs—Postage stamps.

Charming Widow—And what are you doing nowadays? He—Oh, simply amusing myself. Looking out for No. 1. And you? Charming Widow—Looking out for No. 2.

Critic—I tell you what it is, Mr. McDaub, those ostriches are simply superb. You shouldn't paint anything but birds. Artist [disgusted]—Those are not ostriches. They are angels!

She [after a passage at arms]—You loved me then! He—I love you now. She [resignedly]—Ah, well, I suppose if a woman can get a man to love her now and then she should be content!

Charles Frohman is credited with saying to a vacillating friend: "My dear boy, observe the postage stamp; its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there."

"What is verse as distinguished from poetry?" asked the inquisitive man. "Verse," replied the magazine editor, after he had pondered, "is the term applied by any poet to the work of his contemporaries."

Traveler—Madam, can I get a drink here? Lady of the House—Certainly. There's the well; help yourself. Traveler [with a courtly gesture]—Madam, you misunderstand me. I don't wish to wash my hands; I want a drink.

"Of course, Mr. Smith, I feel very flattered by your offer; but—but you can hardly expect a decided answer, as I have known you for so short a time."

"Well, what am I to do? All the girls who've known me longer have refused me."

Boyd Decker, the manager of the Savoy hotel, in speaking of a flashy, showy woman who was inclined to muddle her remarks in two languages, said: "Her linguistic attainments always suggest the idea that she must have learned her English in France, and her French in England."

A Slave From Boyhood.

(From the Red Wing, Minn. Republican.)

"I am now twenty-four years old," said Edward Swanson, of White Rock, Goodhue County, Minn., to a Republican representative, "and as you can see I am not very large of stature. When I was eleven years old I became afflicted with a sickness which baffled the skill and knowledge of the physician. I was not taken suddenly ill but on the contrary I can hardly state the exact time when it began. The first symptoms were pains in my back and restless nights. The disease did not trouble me much at first, but it seemed to have settled in my body to stay and my bitter experience during the last thirteen years proved that to be the case. I was of course a child, and never dreamed of the sufferings in store for me. I complained to my parents and they concluded that in time I would outgrow my trouble, but when they heard me groaning during my sleep they became thoroughly alarmed. Medical advice was sought but to no avail. I grew rapidly worse and was soon unable to move about and finally became confined continually to my bed. The best doctors that could be had were consulted, but did nothing for me. I tried various kinds of extensively advertised patent medicines with but the same result."

"For twelve long years I was thus a sufferer in constant agony without respite, abscesses formed on my body in rapid succession and the world indeed looked very dark to me. About this time when all hope was gone and nothing seemed left but to resign myself to my most bitter fate my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Like a drowning man grasping at a straw, in sheer desperation I concluded to make one more attempt—not to regain my health (I dare not to hope so much) but if possible to ease my pain."